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NO. 10

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The BLACK TERROR

The SANDS OF DEFEAT RUN VERY LOW FOR THE NAZI HANGMEN--- THE DAY OF RETRIBUTION IS AT HAND! PANIC STRICKEN, THE GERMANS UNLEASH HUGE ROBOT BOMBS ON CIVILIAN POPULATIONS, KILLING INDISCRIMINATELY! BUT NOT EVEN THE NEW MECHANICAL MURDER WEAPON CAN STAVE OFF THE INEVITABLE, AS BOB BENTON, THE ONE AND ONLY BLACK TERROR, HUNTS THE HUN IN HIS LAIR!

BOB, TIM AND JEAN ARE IN NORMANDY, DRIVING AMBULANCES FOR THE RED CROSS···

I JUST GOT WORD THAT OUR TROOPS HAVE THE NAZIS ON THE RUN, AND WE'RE HEADING FOR PARIS!

THAT'S GREAT! SCHICKELGRUBER BETTER START LOOKING FOR A NEW PASSPORT!

BENTON, YOU AND THE YOUNG FELLOW TAKE AN AMBULANCE A FEW MILES DOWN THE ROAD AND PICK UP SOME OF OUR WOUNDED! YOU COME WITH ME, JEAN!

YES, SIR··· WE'RE MOVING OUT AT ONCE! C'MON, TIM!

INTO THE TEETH OF AN ENEMY ARTILLERY BARRAGE!

LOOKS LIKE THE HEINIES HAVE STARTED THEIR COUNTER-OFFENSIVE!

KBOOM

WE'LL HAVE TO HURRY IF WE DON'T WANT TO GET CUT OFF!

TOO LATE! THEY'VE BROKEN THROUGH!

WE'RE SURROUNDED BY FRITZ! THEY'RE SHOOTING AT US!

BANG!

THOSE RATS DON'T EVEN RESPECT THE RED CROSS! C'MON, TIM··· WE'LL HAVE TO FIGHT OUR WAY THROUGH!

COUNT ME IN!

ACH!

PARDON US··· ARE WE BOTHERING YOU?

DUCK INTO THAT FORT, TIM! WE MAY BE ABLE TO GIVE THEM THE SLIP!

I THINK IT'S ABOUT TIME THE TERROR TWINS STEPPED INTO THE PICTURE!

THEY DIDN'T SEE US DUCK IN HERE---*WAIT! I HEAR VOICES!*

PSSST ---LISTEN---!

OUR NEW ROBOTS OF FIFTY TONS EACH ARE NOW READY TO BE RELEASED AGAINST LONDON!

THE ALLIES WILL NEVER FIND THE SECRET LAUNCHING PLACE!

THIS BOMB IS CAPABLE OF KILLING THOUSANDS, AND LEVELLING LONDON IN A VERY SHORT TIME! WE CAN GUIDE IT ACROSS THE ATLANTIC, AS IT HAS A CRUISING RANGE OF 5000 MILES AND A SPEED OF 300 MILES AN HOUR!

THAT IS THE WEAPON WE NEED TO STRIKE TERROR IN AMERICAN HEARTS! THE WAR IS NOT LOST YET!

UNHEARD, A NAZI AIDE ARRIVES!

WITH THIS TERRIBLE WEAPON WE CAN BRING THE BIGGEST AMERICAN CITIES UNDER ATTACK! IT WILL STOP THE MARCH ON PARIS!

HIMMEL! IT ISS THE BLACK TERROR! HELP!

WE DON'T LIKE TO BE SURPRISED, HEINIE! WHY DIDN'T YOU KNOCK?

THEY HEARD HIM, TERROR!

VOS ISS LOS? WHO ISS THERE? QUICK... UPSTAIRS!

WELL, WELL... MORE GUESTS FOR THE PARTY!

GET THEM ...SCHNELL!

AGH!

HERE... PASS IT ALONG!

WHACK!

THIS VILL STOP THE FOOLS!

OHHHHH!

CLUNK!

ORDERS FROM STAFF HEADQUARTERS, MEIN GENERAL... OUR COUNTER-OFFENSIVE HAS FAILED! WE ARE TO FALL BACK TO THE PARIS LINE!

SO... ORDER THE RETREAT! BRING THOSE TWO WHEN WE LEAVE! I WANT THEM ALIVE!

AT NAZI GENERAL HEADQUARTERS IN PARIS...

TOO BAD OUR ATTACK DIDN'T SUCCEED, HERR GENERAL! BUT WE HAVE A VERY DISTINGUISHED AMERICAN PRISONER! THE BLACK TERROR!

THE BLACK TERROR! GOOT! WE HAVE A LAST TRUMP CARD TO PLAY!

BRING THE SWINE TO OUR SECRET LAUNCHING PLATFORM! I WILL MAKE USE OF THEM TO TRY AND STOP THE ALLIES!

JA WOHL!

AT THE SECRET LAUNCHING PLATFORM...

WE ARE SHOWING YOU THIS FOR A REASON, TERROR! NEW YORK, WASHINGTON, PHILADELPHIA WILL FEEL THE FORCE OF THE BLOWS WHICH WILL LEVEL THOSE CITIES AND KILL THOUSANDS ---UNLESS YOU DO AS WE TELL YOU!

YOU WILL BROADCAST OUR TERMS TO THE ALLIES THAT LONDON WILL BE BLOWN OFF THE MAP, UNLESS THE AMERICANS AND BRITISH WITHDRAW FROM FRANCE ---NOT TO RETURN! OTHERWISE, WE RELEASE THESE FIFTY TON BOMBS!

THEY'RE NOT JOKING! THOSE BOMBS CAN DO TERRIFIC DAMAGE!

WELL---WHAT DO YOU SAY? THEY RESPECT YOU IN ENGLAND AND AMERICA! THEY WILL BELIEVE WHAT YOU TELL THEM!

THOSE SMALL ROBOTS DID PLENTY OF DAMAGE! I HATE TO THINK WHAT THESE WILL DO! BUT EVEN IF I DID TELL OUR TROOPS TO WITHDRAW---THEY WOULDN'T! I HAVE TO PRETEND TO FALL IN WITH THEIR PLANS, UNTIL I GET A CHANCE TO ESCAPE!

ALL RIGHT---I'LL DO AS YOU SAY! DON'T RELEASE THOSE BOMBS!

GOOT--- GOOT--- YOU ARE USING YOUR HEAD!

IN A BROADCASTING STUDIO...

WE HAVE TOLD THE ALLIES OF YOUR CAPTURE BY RADIO, AND ASKED THEM TO TUNE IN BY TELEVISION WHICH WE'RE USING TO PROVE THAT WE HAVE YOU IN PERSON!

YOU BOYS THINK OF EVERYTHING, DON'T YOU?

ACHTUNG, AMERIKANER! DER BLACK TERROR IN PERSON WILL NOW TELL YOU WHAT HE SAW! LISTEN CAREFULLY!

GREAT SCOTT! LOOK---THEY DID CAPTURE THE BLACK TERROR! THEY WEREN'T LYING!

I'M SORRY TO SAY THAT THE NAZIS AREN'T PULLING ANOTHER PROPAGANDA STUNT THIS TIME! THEY HAVE FIFTY TON ROBOT BOMB PLANES WHICH THEY'RE ABOUT TO LAUNCH AT LONDON---!

I JUST BROKE MY BONDS, GENTLEMEN! DON'T WORRY ABOUT THE ROBOT BOMBS--- I'LL TAKE CARE OF THEM! *KEEP UP YOUR ADVANCE!*

HIMMEL---HE ISS FREE! GET HIM! SHUT OFF DER TELEVISION!

I'LL HAVE YOU FREE IN A SECOND, TIM!

VERDAMMTE HUND!

WATCH IT, TERROR--HERE THEY COME!

MOP UP, TIM! WE'RE GETTING OUT OF HERE!

BANG BANG!

DO YOU MIND OPENING THAT WINDOW FOR ME?

EEEEEEE!

C'MON, TIM! THIS WAY OUT!

RIGHT BEHIND YOU!

CAUGHT UNAWARES!

GOT THIS VUN!

GHHH!

SCHNELL! AFTER HIM, DUMBKOPFS!

PURSUIT!

MAYBE I CAN SHAKE THEM IF I DUCK IN HERE!

I HOPE YOU'RE A REAL FRENCHMAN! THE HEINIES ARE AFTER ME!

MON DIEU! IT IS THE BLACK TERROR!

HIDE HIM, PIERRE --- BEHIND THE PANELLING! WE ARE DeGAULLISTS, MONSIEUR TERROR!

A SHORT TIME LATER...

YOU CAN COME OUT NOW, MONSIEUR TERROR! THEY DID NOT EVEN STOP HERE! WE WILL SEND YOU BACK TO THE AMERICANS THROUGH THE UNDER-GROUND!

NO--- I CAN'T LEAVE UNTIL I RESCUE MY FRIEND AND SMASH THOSE DEVILISH ROBOT BOMBS!

THERE'S A SMALL AIR-FIELD WE PASSED WHEN THE NAZIS BROUGHT US HERE! COULD YOU SNEAK ME OUT THERE? I WANT TO GET HOLD OF A SMALL BOMBER---MAYBE I CAN DAMAGE THEIR LAUNCHING PLATFORM!

YES, YES--- I CAN DO EET!

WE HAVE A CERTAIN WAY TO GO THERE! WE DO SOME SABOTAGE ON THE BOCHE! WAIT---I SEE IF ANYBODY WATCHES!

LOOKS LIKE I CAME TO THE RIGHT SPOT--- LET'S GO!

MEANWHILE...BACK IN THE BROADCASTING STUDIO---

WE LOOKED EVERY-WHERE, HERR GENERAL ---BUT HE SEEMS TO HAVE DISAPPEARED!

FOOLS! IDIOTS! WHAT KIND OF MEN DOES HIMMLER TRAIN NOWADAYS! HOW COULD YOU LET THE BLACK TERROR ESCAPE!

WE CANNOT WAIT ANY MORE! PREPARE THE FIRST ROBOT! LONDON WILL KNOW THE MEANING OF TERROR!

JA WOHL, HERR GENERAL!

TAKE THAT YOUNG AMERICAN PIG ALONG! WE WILL GET RID OF HIM VERY NICELY AT THE SAME TIME!

FIFTY TONS OF DEATH FOR LONDON!

THE ROBOT BOMB IS READY, GENERAL MULLER!

TIE THAT BOY TO IT--- WE'LL SEND HIM BACK TO THE ALLIES IN PIECES!

YOU SEE HOW NICE WE ARE TO AMERICANS! WE GIFF YOU A FREE RIDE! HO! HO!

DON'T WORRY, FRITZ! THERE'LL BE PLENTY MORE OF US BACK TO HAUNT YOU!

SWOOOSH!

HEIL HITLER!

SIEG HEIL!

MEANWHILE, AT AN AIRFIELD ON THE OUTSKIRTS OF PARIS...

SO FAR, SO GOOD! I WANT TO GET HOLD OF THAT DIVE BOMBER!

I WILL HELP YOU DISPOSE OF THE BOCHE!

A SUDDEN ATTACK!

WIPE THAT SURPRISED LOOK OFF YOUR FACE! IT'S THE BLACK TERROR, PAYING HIS COMPLIMENTS WITH THIS!

HURRY, MONSIEUR ---GET IN THE PLANE!

JUST THEN...

MON DIEU! WHAT EES THAT?

THE ROBOT BOMB--- THEY'VE RELEASED IT--- WITH TIM ON IT!

I MUST CATCH THAT FLYING BOMB! I MUST!

GOOD LUCK, TERROR---GOOD LUCK!

A RACE AGAINST DEATH!

I'M CATCHING UP TO THAT BABY! IT'S A GOOD THING IT CAN ONLY DO 300, AGAINST THIS JOB WHICH CAN HIT 400!

I WONDER IF THE BLACK TERROR GOT AWAY! GUESS I'LL--- I'LL NEVER KNOW!

MADE IT! NOW TO MANEUVER THIS BABY DIRECTLY OVER THE BOMB!

WHAT'S THAT HEINIE PLANE TRYING TO DO---ESCORT ME TO KINGDOM COME?

A DESPERATE CHANCE!

HERE GOES!

IT'S THE BLACK TERROR!

MADE IT--- HI, TIM!

TERROR! I--- I WAS NEVER SO GLAD TO SEE ANYBODY!

I'LL HAVE YOU FREE IN A MINUTE, TIM! TELL YOU THE WHOLE STORY--- IF WE COME THROUGH THIS!

HOW ARE WE GOING TO STOP THIS THING? HOW ARE WE GOING TO GET OFF?

IF IT LANDS WITH US ON IT--- IT'S THE END OF EVERYTHING! I'M GOING TO SEE IF I CAN INCH UP TOWARD THE NOSE!

OUR ONLY CHANCE--- IS---TO TRY--- AND TURN THIS THING ---AROUND! UGH!

WE CAN SAVE THOUSANDS OF INNOCENT PEOPLE IF YOU DO IT!

SUPERHUMAN STRENGTH IS CALLED INTO PLAY!

IT'S TURNING ···IT'S TURNING, TERROR!

THANK HEAVENS! THE FIRST PART OF OUR JOB IS OVER!

NOW IF I CAN MANEUVER THIS BOMB BACK TO THE LAUNCHING PLATFORM, ALL WE'LL HAVE TO WORRY ABOUT IS HOW TO GET OFF!

LOOK! OUR ARMIES MOVING UP TOWARD PARIS! THEY'RE GOING TO START THE ALL-OUT ASSAULT!

MAYBE WE CAN DO SOMETHING TO HELP!

AS THE ROBOT BOMB APPROACHES THE LAUNCHING PLATFORM···

TIM···JUMP FOR ONE OF THOSE BARRAGE BALLOONS BELOW! I'M PUSHING THE NOSE OF THIS THING DOWN TO THE LAUNCHING PLATFORM!

RIGHT!

JUMP!

The FIFTY-TON BOMB SCREAMS DOWN TOWARD ITS TARGET!

WHEEEEEEEE

BA-ROOM!

THE REMAINING ROBOT BOMBS ARE BLOWN UP BY THE TERRIFIC EXPLOSION!

BA-ROOM! BA-ROOM!

THE ALLIED ARMIES MARCH INTO THE DEVASTATED AREA WITHOUT MEETING ANY OPPOSITION!

THOSE BOMBS JUST ABOUT WRECKED EVERYTHING AROUND HERE!

WE ENCOUNTERED PRACTICALLY NO OPPOSITION, SIR!

WHA...! THE BLACK TERROR! WE HEARD YOU HAD BEEN CAPTURED! WHAT HAPPENED? WHAT'S BEEN GOING ON HERE?

GREETINGS, GENTLEMEN! PARIS AWAITS ITS LIBERATION JUST BEYOND! IT'S REALLY A SHORT STORY!

QUICK EXPLANATION!

YOU NOT ONLY SAVED THOUSANDS OF LIVES OF OUR ALLIES, BUT AMERICAN LIVES AND CITIES AS WELL! THANKS, TERROR! I PERSONALLY WILL MAKE THIS REPORT OUT TO GENERAL EISENHOWER!

KNOWING THOSE ROBOT BOMBS WON'T BOTHER ANYBODY ANY MORE IS THANKS ENOUGH FOR ME!

ANOTHER SLAM-BANG ACTION STORY WITH THE BLACK TERROR IN OUR NEXT ISSUE!

The Black TERROR

WRITHING LIKE A WOUNDED SERPENT UNDER THE DEADLY BLOWS OF THE AMERICAN ARMED FORCES--JAPAN COILS VENOMOUSLY FOR A LAST DESPERATE BID! THOUSANDS OF UNITED STATES SAILORS ARE THREATENED IN A FRENZIED SCHEME TO FORCE OUR NATION INTO SURRENDER--ONLY TO FIND THEMSELVES TEAMED WITH THE BLACK TERROR IN A WHIRLWIND CAMPAIGN AGAINST JAP-HELD TERRITORY!

UN BOB BENTON'S MAIN STREET DRUG STORE...

THE JAPS HAVEN'T GOT A CHANCE! THE WAY I LOOK AT IT... WE'LL BE IN TOKIO IN A MONTH!

SURE... IT'S A CINCH! WE'VE GOT THE LITTLE RATS GROGGY!

IT'S A SURE BET THOSE TWO HAVEN'T BEEN IN THE PACIFIC AREA LATELY, BOB!

CONFIDENCE IN OUR ARMED FORCES IS A GOOD THING, TIM... BUT IT DOESN'T PAY TO LET **WORDS** RUN AHEAD OF THE **VICTORIES!**

SPEAKING OF VICTORIES ... SUPPOSE WE HELP THE BOYS BAT OUT A FEW NEW ONES AGAINST THE JAPS?

THEY'RE DOING FINE **WITHOUT** US, TIM! BESIDES ... THERE'S NO TELLING WHEN THE **BLACK TERROR** WILL BE NEEDED ON THE HOME FRONT!

MEANWHILE ...AT THE NAVY OFFICE IN TOKIO...

EVERYTHING IS IN READINESS! OUR **ULTRA-SHORT FREQUENCY BEAM TRANSMITTER ON FORMOSA AWAITS ORDERS!**

FOR MONTHS OUR FLEET HAS DISGRACEFULLY RETREATED FROM THE AMERICANS! FOR MONTHS THEIR PLANES AND TROOPS HAVE STORMED OUR STRONGHOLDS -- **NEARER AND NEARER OUR SACRED SHORES!**

NOW COMES REVENGE ... CARRYING THE WAR TO AMERICA ITSELF! **COMMENCE OPERATIONS!**

BANZAI! VICTORY TO THE HEROES OF IMPERIAL JAPAN! **A THOUSAND DEATHS TO OUR ENEMY!**

OUR SCOUT PLANES REPORT AMERICAN NAVAL UNITS FOUR HUNDRED MILES SOUTH!

MOST SATISFACTORY! BEAM OPERATES EFFECTIVELY UP TO FIVE HUNDRED MILE RADIUS!

NEXT DAY... AT A SECRET INSTALLATION ON JAP-HELD FORMOSA...

BEATEN IN OPEN BATTLE...THE JAPS PREPARE A FURTIVE THRUST!

PLANS OF SUPREME WAR COUNCIL CALL FOR DOUBLE-EDGED BLOW! FIRST...DEMORALIZE AMERICAN NAVY! SECOND ...INVASION OF AMERICAN MAINLAND!

AT THAT MOMENT...ABOARD A BATTLESHIP SOUTH OF FORMOSA...

WE SHOULD BE SIGHTING ENEMY UNITS IN THIS AREA, CAPTAIN!

LET'S HOPE SO! SIGNAL OUR SUPPORTING CARRIER TO STAND READY ON A PARALLEL COURSE!

SUDDENLY...THE AMERICAN VESSELS ARE CAUGHT IN A WEIRD GLOW!

ER-RAK!

GREAT SCOTT... THE ENTIRE SHIP IS ACTING AS A CONDUCTOR FOR SOME KIND OF CURRENT!

IT'S AGONIZING TO MAN THE CONTROLS... OR EVEN REMAIN ON THE STEEL DECK!

AS THE CREWS STAGGER TO THEIR QUARTERS...

OW-W! WHAT IN THUNDER WENT WRONG?

LISTEN! THERE'S THE SKIPPER!

ATTENTION, MEN! ALL HANDS EXCEPT THOSE ON WATCH WILL REMAIN IN THEIR HAMMOCKS!

EVEN WITH THE WHEEL UNMANNED ...WE'RE HOLDING TO OUR COURSE! WHAT'S BEHIND THIS, SIR?

THE CARRIER IS TRAILING AFT ...OBVIOUSLY IN THE SAME FIX! THIS HAS ALL THE EARMARKS OF A JAP SECRET WEAPON!

AS THE TWO SHIPS CUT FORWARD AT TOP SPEED...

THE HARD FACT IS...WE'RE BEING DRAWN TOWARD FORMOSA! OUR RADIO IS DEAD AND WE CAN'T MAN OUR GUNS...BUT I'M CONFIDENT WE'LL SEE IT THROUGH LIKE AMERICANS!

THREE WEEKS LATER...

WHAT DO YOU S'POSE IT ADDS UP TO, BOB?

H'M...ALL FIVE MEN HAD JUST BEEN RELEASED AS LOYAL AMERICANS... AND WERE READY FOR INDUCTION INTO THE ARMED FORCES!

FIVE AMERICANS OF JAPANESE DESCENT SLAIN NEAR RE-LOCATION CENTER!

AS THE BLACK TERROR'S PLANE SPEEDS WESTWARD...

WE'LL START OFF AT THE RELOCATION CENTER...AND SEE WHAT WE CAN DIG UP!

IN THAT CASE...YOU AND I ARE WASTING TIME!

ONE DEATH MIGHTN'T BE SUSPICIOUS... BUT FIVE INDICATE ONLY ONE THING! JAP AGENTS MUST BE OPERATING ON THE WEST COAST!

EARLY NEXT MORNING...

ALL THE VICTIMS WERE MURDERED SHORTLY AFTER LEAVING THE CAMP! THAT INDICATES THE KILLERS KNEW THE MEN WERE BEING FREED!

AND I SUPPOSE YOU'VE TURNED OTHERS LOOSE SINCE THE MURDERS?

JUST ONE, TERROR! JOSEPH YOKOHAKA ...HOME ADDRESS 860 SUMMIT STREET ...SAN DIEGO!

ONE WAY OR ANOTHER, MAJOR ...I'VE AN IDEA WE'LL LEARN A GREAT DEAL FROM MR. YOKOHAKA!

THAT EVENING···IN A SAN DIEGO APARTMENT···

JAPAN'S DECISIVE BLOW FALLS IN LESS THAN AN HOUR, YOKOHAKA! FOR THE LAST TIME··· ARE YOU WITH US?

NEVER! I WAS BORN IN THIS COUNTRY ···AND NOTHING CAN FORCE ME TO BETRAY IT!

FOOL! WHOEVER THWARTS THE HISTORIC DESTINY OF NIPPON··· DIES!

SUDDENLY···

THAT'S SOMETHING YOU'LL HAVE TO PROVE, RATS!

TEN MILLION CURSES! THE BLACK TERROR!

CRASH!

BANG!

SO SORRY IF I JUMP THE GUN!

WITH BATTERING FURY ···THE TERROR TEAM CLOSES IN!

WHEN WILL YOU RUNTS LEARN THIS CLIMATE ISN'T HEALTHY FOR YOU?

WOWK!

LET'S DRUM IN A FEW FACTS!

POW!

SEE IF THERE' ARE ANY OTHERS, TIM!

NOT ME, PLEASE! I AM JOSEPH YOKOHAKA!

BAM!

THERE IS NO TIME TO LOSE! WHILE I GUARD THESE UNWORTHY DOGS ---YOU MUST RUSH TO THE NAVY YARD!

NAVY YARD! WHAT'S WRONG THERE?

SEVERAL WEEKS AGO--- A UNITED STATES BATTLESHIP AND CARRIER WERE SEIZED AT FORMOSA---AND THEIR CREWS INTERNED! *THE SHIPS ARE NOW MANNED BY JAPANESE---WHO EXPECT TO PASS OUR COASTAL DEFENSES UNCHALLENGED AND LAND FOR TERROR RAIDS!*

GREAT GUNS! TIM --- WE'D BETTER START MOVING!

AT THE NAVY YARD---

THEN THE NAVY DEPARTMENT KNEW THE TWO SHIPS WERE MISSING?

WE SUSPECTED IT WHEN THEY FAILED TO REPORT--- BUT OUR POLICY IS TO GET THE DETAILS BEFORE ANNOUNCING LOSSES! *NOW---I'LL HAVE OUR HARBOR BATTERIES READY!*

JUST A MOMENT, ADMIRAL! *SHELLING OUR OWN SHIPS IS A PRETTY DRASTIC WAY TO CHECK THE JAPS!*

WHAT DO YOU SUGGEST, TERROR? *WE CAN'T LET THEM LAND!*

WHY NOT? WHY NOT WITHDRAW ALL TROOPS FROM THE AREA--- AND TRICK THE JAPS INTO THINKING THEY'LL BE ABLE TO LOOT AND DESTROY FREELY? *FROM THEN ON--- TIM AND I WILL TAKE FULL RESPONSIBILITY!*

IT'S A RISKY MANEUVER, TERROR--BUT WE'VE COME TO RELY ON YOU TWO! *GO TO IT!*

AN HOUR LATER···

PORT AREA SEEMS DESERTED! WE HAVE WON COMPLETE SURPRISE!

IF FIRST WAVE LANDS SUCCESSFULLY ···FOLLOW UP WITH ALL MEN BUT SKELETON CREWS!

CONCEALED ON THE SILENT WATERFRONT···

HERE THEY COME, TIM! REMEMBER··· KEEP CALM UNTIL THE RIGHT MOMENT!

I'LL TRY···BUT IT MAKES MY FINGERS ITCH TO SEE THOSE APES ON AMERICAN SOIL!

LIKE RAVAGING IMPS···AVID FOR EASY PLUNDER···

THE LOOTING CAN WAIT, DOGS! FIRE THE NAVY YARD!

SPLANG!

LACK OF OPPOSITION MAY MEAN TRICK! SUGGEST REINFORCEMENTS!

SIGNAL SHIPS TO SEND ALL AVAILABLE MEN!

FIVE MINUTES LATER···

STEADY! THIS LOOKS LIKE THE LAST LOAD!

FALL IN! THERE MAY BE AN ATTACK ANY MOMENT!

YOU MUST HAVE A OUIJA BOARD, RAT!

YEE-OW!

BEFORE THE STARTLED JAPS CAN ORGANIZE A DEFENSE...

BOY! THIS IS WORTH WAITING FOR!

STICK CLOSE, TIM! I'VE GOT A WAY TO BAG 'EM WHOLESALE!

SOK!

POW!

BAZUM

BEP!

WE'LL STOP THOSE DEVILS! RECALL ALL MEN TO THE PIER!

BANG!

BAM!

POW!

THIS IS GETTIN' GOOD! HERE COME HUNDREDS OF 'EM!

THEY'LL KEEP, TIM! GET TO THE LAUNCH!

SOK!

THEN... UNDER THE DEADLY RATTLE OF TOMMY-GUNS...

HOLD IT, TERROR! THERE'S YOKOHAKA!

VERMIN! THIS IS ONE MORE STEP YOU'LL REGRET!

POW!

UF!

F.B.I. HAS PICKED UP SPIES... AND I SURMISED YOU MIGHT NEED HELP!

COULD BE! WE'RE BOARDING THAT BATTLESHIP!

OUR LAUNCH APPROACHES, LIEUTENANT!

IS GOOD! THEY PROBABLY RETURN WITH DISTINGUISHED PRISONERS!

YA-AGH!

BANG!

MARINE GUARD! FALL IN ON DECK!

O.K., TERROR! LET'S GIVE THESE PIRATES THE HEAVE!

MET BY A SLASHING ATTACK··· THE SKELETON CREW IS OVERWHELMED!

THIS IS A BATTLESHIP, RATS··· NOT A CATTLE-BOAT!

TAKE OVER THE HEAVY MACHINE GUN, TIM!

YARRRGH!

BANG!

BOOM!

THE TREACHEROUS ONES ARE GATHERED IN FULL STRENGTH ON THE PIER!

JUST WHAT I HOPED! NOW FOR A NEAT EXTERMINATING JOB···WITH AS LITTLE WRECKAGE AS POSSIBLE!

ON TARGET! LET 'EM HAVE IT, TIM!

POM-POM POM-PO

BOOM!

CLOSELY GROUPED…THE JAPS ARE WIPED OUT BY THE BLISTERING BARRAGE!

BLAM!

KA-POW!

OUR NAVY SHORE PATROL IS ROUNDING UP SURVIVORS!

GOOD! THAT CLEARS THE WAY FOR THE *REAL JOB!*

YOKOHAKA…I'LL COUNT ON YOU TO TELL THE ADMIRAL TO KEEP OUR SHIPS CLEAR OF FORMOSA! HE WON'T NEED MANY MEN TO CLEAR THE REMAINING JAPS FROM THE CARRIER!

BUT WHAT ABOUT *YOU*, TERROR? WHERE ARE YOU GOING?

HAVE NEW MAGNETIC BEAM ON FORMOSA! CAN ATTRACT ANY METALLIC BODY UP TO FIVE HUNDRED MILES!

GIVE OUT, FELLA! HOW DID YOU AND YOUR PALS GET HOLD OF THESE SHIPS?

TO FORMOSA! THINK YOU CAN OPERATE THIS PLANE CATAPULT?

'HOLY SAINTED ANCESTORS! YOU VERY PUGILISTIC PAIR, YES?

A MOMENT LATER…

I JUST REMEMBERED, TERROR! *WHAT ABOUT FUEL?*

WOOSH!

WE SHOULD SIGHT A NUMBER OF OUR TANKERS AND OTHER SHIPS AS FAR WEST AS WAKE ISLAND! WITH LUCK··· WE'LL BE ABLE TO LAND AND FUEL UP!

SEVERAL TIMES WITHIN THE NEXT FEW DAYS ··· FAR OUT IN THE LONELY PACIFIC···

SO LONG, TERROR! GIVE 'EM A RAP IN THE TEETH FOR US!

AT THAT MOMENT··· IN A FORMOSA PRISON CAMP···

JAPAN HAS JUST DEMANDED SURRENDER OF YOUR COUNTRY! STARTING AT NOON··· TEN OF YOU WILL BE EXECUTED EACH HOUR UNTIL DEMAND IS MET!

IF YOU WANT TO GET AMERICANS REALLY MAD··· JUST TRY SOMETHING LIKE THAT!

I CAN GIVE YOU THE ANSWER NOW, TOJO! SPR-RR-RT!

INSOLENT DOGS! PERHAPS THEY HOPE TO BE RESCUED!

SMALL CHANCE! WE HAVE BEAM OPERATING ON 180° SWEEP! NOT EVEN A PLANE CAN ELUDE IT!

AND FIVE HUNDRED MILES AWAY···

DW-W! WHAT HIT US, TERROR ···LIGHTNING?

WHAT LUCK · JUST WHEN WE'RE DOWN TO OUR RESERVE TANK! THAT'S THE JAP SECRET WEAPON, TIM · HIGHBALLING US INTO FORMOSA!

CR-RAK!

WISH WE HAD A FEW BOMBS TO LAY DOWN ON THAT BATTLE-WAGON!

IF THINGS WORK OUT WELL, TIM··· WE MAY HAVE A USE FOR IT!

AT TERRIFIC SPEED ···THE PLANE NEARS THE NIPPONESE STRONGHOLD!

MINUTES LATER...

HEY, FELLAS! THAT'S ONE OF OUR PLANES!

WAM!

AH-H! MAGNETIC BEAM HAVE BROUGHT NEW HOSTAGES!

COME ON, TIM! HIT THAT FENCE!

SOK!

IN A FLASH... THE ENTIRE CAMP AREA ROCKS UNDER A DEADLY CONFLICT!

GOOD TO SEE YOU, TERROR... BUT YOU'LL BE IN THE SAME SPOT IF THEY BRING UP RESERVES!

WE WON'T WAIT, SAILOR! FOLLOW ME!

POW!

BAM!

KRAK!

BOP!

WHAM!

The TERROR LEADS A FIERCE ASSAULT ON THE MOORED BATTLESHIP!

THIS EXCURSION IS STRICTLY PRIVATE, RAT!

POW!

RAT-TAT-TAT!

WHEN... MANNED BY AN AMERICAN CREW...

THAT FINISHES THEIR MAGNETIC BEAM, TERROR! YOU CERTAINLY GOT US OUT OF A SPOT!

WHEN I THINK OF HOW MUCH YOU SAILORS AND SOLDIERS HAVE DONE... I KNOW I'LL HAVE TO GO SOME TO EVEN THE SCORE!

WATCH THE NEXT ISSUE... FOR ANOTHER TWO-FISTED ADVENTURE WITH THE BLACK TERROR!

THE G. I. CUT-UP

A War Action Story

By CAPTAIN KERRY McROBERTS

CORPORAL BARNEY PHILLIPS was in despair. His patrol had been lost—and had fallen into the arms of a Jap company on the island of Halmahera.

"A fine bunch of soldiers I picked for my squad," he moaned as the Japs marched them along. "Two fellows that don't even know north from south and another bird that thinks he can fight the war with a pair of scissors!"

Private Eddie Sullivan knew that this last remark was meant for him. His scissors were sticking out of his tunic pocket. He was never far away from them. His job before the war had consisted of cutting out portraits at a Coney Island sideshow.

"Maybe my scissors will get us out of a jam some time," he offered. Corporal Barney Phillips laughed.

The Japs herded them into a native hut, and twelve men were assigned to stand guard while the others went on to the main Jap camp. The native hut was one of several in a small clearing with two rocky walls forming a semi-circle beyond. Darkness closed in on the surroundings and the Japs built several fires for cooking.

"Maybe we can get out of here," suggested Corporal Phillips. "There's only twelve Nips, and we ought to be able to fool them."

The four Americans discussed ways and means. Meanwhile, Private Sullivan took out his scissors, picked up a wide palm frond, and started cutting.

"What are you doing now?" Corporal Phillips asked. "Gonna make yourself a grass skirt?"

"No," replied Sullivan, "but my mind works better when my hands are busy."

As Sullivan worked, the Japs moved around the camp fires. Now and then

an armed sentry looked into their hut. Finally one of the soldiers said: "Hush! Maybe we're going to get a break. There's some soldiers out there and they look like ours!"

Corporal Phillips hurried over to look out of the bamboo window. Moving along against the moonlit stone wall, he saw shapes of several soldiers with rifles held at the ready.

"Those fellows ought to get down," Corporal Phillips said huskily. "If the Nips spot them they'll open up with machine guns." As though the words were a signal, the Japs started firing. Bullets snapped around the camp. Then a number of bullets whipped into the Japs and several of them fell wounded.

One of the soldiers shouted: "There's more of the Yanks! They've got this place surrounded!" Sure enough, others figures were visible.

Jap machine-gun fire was directed at this force. A new fusillade of bullets whipped into the Jap camp. Finally Sergeant Aki Tokata, in command of the Jap battalion, came running to Corporal Phillips and said: "We are outnumbered. We throw down our arms. We are your prisoners."

Corporal Phillips accepted the surrender. The Japs threw their guns on a pile. Then Corporal Phillips turned to Private Sullivan and said: "Professor, do you think you can put your scissors away long enough to go out and tell our men that the fight is over?"

"There are no men out there," Sullivan announced. Then he held up several palm fronds, cut out in the shape of soldier silhouettes. "I held these up so the fire cast shadows on the rocks. When the Japs fired at the curved stone walls the bullets bounced back. My scissors did save us!"

Private Sullivan held up the leaf cut-outs. The flickering flames sent the moving Yank soldier figures against the moonlit rocks. They looked real.

Corporal Phillips patted Private Sullivan on the shoulder. The G. I. cut-up had proven himself!

A Clever Doughboy Hands the Japs on Halmahera a Surprise!

The BLACK TERROR

The LUST FOR POWER SOMETIMES DRIVES MEN TO DEEDS OF RUTHLESS BRUTALITY! OBSESSED BY HIS BURNING AMBITIONS, DR. HOODIN SEEKS TO MAKE USE OF A FANTASTIC ODDITY OF NATURE FOR HIS OWN ENDS ... AND ALMOST BRINGS DEATH TO BOB BENTON ... ALIAS THE BLACK TERROR ... AS THE DOCTOR'S MAD SCHEMES NEARLY REACH COMPLETION!

CC-275

IN BOB BENTON'S DRUG STORE...

DID YOU SEE THIS NEWS STORY? IT'S ABOUT AN AMAZING GORILLA ...FORTY FEET HIGH... CAPTURED BY AN EXPEDITION IN AFRICA!

"THE GRANT AFRICAN EXPEDITION HEARD STORIES FROM THE NATIVES ABOUT A FREAK MONSTER GORILLA...!

A GORILLA FORTY FEET HIGH? THAT'S IMPOSSIBLE!

IT TRUE TALK, BWANA!

IT MIGHT BE SOME SORT OF GLANDULAR FREAK, GRANT!

"THE STORIES WERE TRUE, AND THEY CAPTURED THE GORILLA BY MEANS OF A DEEP PIT TRAP!"

WHAT A FANTASTIC CREATURE! IT'S THE MOST REMARKABLE CAPTURE IN EXPEDITIONARY HISTORY!

I ONLY HOPE THIS BABY DOESN'T GET LOOSE, GRANT! I'D HATE TO MEET HIM ON SOME DARK NIGHT!

NOW THAT APE'S ON EXHIBITION IN THE CITY PARK TOMORROW! HE'S CALLED B'TONGA!

LET'S GO SEE HIM TOMORROW, BOB! THAT OUGHT TO BE EXCITING!

AT THE SAME TIME, IN THE LABORATORY OF DR. OSCAR HOODIN...

ALL MY LIFE I'VE BEEN TRAINED WITH ONE GOAL IN MIND... POWER! THIS MAY BE MY CHANCE!

GREAT GORILLA

MY WORK IS LITTLE KNOWN, BUT I HAVE BECOME THE WORLD'S FOREMOST AUTHORITY ON CHEMICAL HYPNOTISM, CARRYING ON THE EXPERIMENTS MY FATHER BEGAN! NOW MY EXPERIMENTS WILL PROVE THEIR WORTH! IF I CAN GAIN CONTROL OF THAT MONSTER GORILLA...

LATER, AT THE CITY PARK...

THERE'S AN ARMED GUARD IN FRONT OF THE CAGE DAY AND NIGHT! BUT HE WILL BE EASY TO TAKE CARE OF! HE WILL EVEN *HELP* ME!

I COULDN'T SLEEP, SO I CAME OUT FOR A LITTLE AIR!... THAT GORILLA'S REALLY REMARKABLE, ISN'T HE?

HE SURE IS! I DON'T THINK A BULLET FROM THIS RIFLE WOULD DO MORE THAN *TICKLE* HIM! I HAVE IT JUST IN CASE SOMEBODY GETS FUNNY IDEAS ABOUT HIM!

I GUESS I'LL GO BACK AND TRY TO SLEEP! GOOD NIGHT!

GOOD N··· *HEY!* YOU DROPPED YOUR RING!

WHY...THAT RING DOESN'T BELONG TO ME! I DIDN'T DROP IT!

THAT'S FUNNY! I WAS SURE I SAW IT FALL JUST NOW! ...WELL, GOOD NIGHT!

THE SHARP-POINTED DIAMOND IN THAT RING IS SURE TO CUT HIM! IN JUST A MOMENT, THE HYPNOTIC CHEMICALS SHOULD TAKE EFFECT...

OUCH! I CUT MYSELF ON THIS DIAMOND! I WONDER WHO IT BELONGS TO!

I'LL HAVE TO TURN IT IN TOMORROW! I··· FUNNY, I FEEL SLEEPY... ALL OF A ... SUDDEN...

EXCELLENT! A PERFECT HYPNOTIC TRANCE!

YOU MUST DO AS I COMMAND! FEED THESE BANANAS TO B'TONGA!

IN A MOMENT B'TONGA TOO WILL BE UNDER MY CONTROL! THEN··· MY HOME IN THE KENTUCKY MOUNTAINS WILL PROVIDE A SAFE REFUGE FOR US BOTH UNTIL MY PLANS ARE MADE!

NOW··· OPEN THE CAGE!

INTO THE SILENT DARKNESS···

THE NEXT MORNING...

HERE'S THE PARK, AND...

SOMETHING'S WRONG! THE CAGE IS EMPTY!

LOOK AT ALL THOSE POLICE!

BUT I DON'T REMEMBER A THING! AS FAR AS I KNOW, I WAS HERE ALL NIGHT! I'M POSITIVE I DIDN'T FALL ASLEEP, OR ANYTHING LIKE THAT!

IT DON'T SEEM POSSIBLE!

A MOMENT LATER...

TIM! WHAT'S WRONG?

I... SUDDENLY... FEEL VERY ... SLEEPY... I...

EASY, TIM! I'VE GOT YOU! WE'LL GET YOU OUT OF HERE IN A HURRY!

SOMETHING FUNNY ABOUT THIS! I'M GOING TO ANALYZE THAT RING!

BOB'S KEEN EYES SPOT SOMETHING!

LOOKS LIKE SOMEBODY LOST A RING IN THE EXCITEMENT!

THERE'S A VALUABLE-LOOKING DIAMOND IN IT!... OUCH! IT'S SHARP!

AS TIM REVIVES...

I... WHERE AM I? WHAT HAPPENED?

THAT RING WAS COATED WITH SOME VERY UNUSUAL CHEMICALS! THEIR EFFECT SEEMS TO BE TO PRODUCE A KIND OF HYPNOTIC TRANCE!

IT *MIGHT* HAVE SOMETHING TO DO WITH B'TONGA'S DISAPPEARANCE! AND HYPNOTISM COULD EXPLAIN WHY THE GUARD DIDN'T REMEMBER WHAT HAPPENED!

COME ON! LET'S FIND OUT WHO COULD HAVE USED THIS KIND OF HYPNOSIS!

I···ER··· I SHOULD THINK THIS IS A MATTER FOR THE POLICE!

THERE'S A DANGEROUS MONSTER ON THE LOOSE, AND YOU'RE AFRAID TO DO ANYTHING ABOUT IT!...WELL, IF YOU'RE A COWARD, BOB BENTON··· I'M NOT!

WHEN JEAN LEAVES...

COME ON, TIM! GET INTO YOUR COSTUME! THIS CALLS FOR THE TERROR TWINS!

I'M WITH YOU, TERROR!

MEANWHILE... DEEP IN THE KENTUCKY MOUNTAINS...

EVERYTHING IS WORKING ACCORDING TO PLAN! THE STUPID AUTHORITIES HAVE NO IDEA WHO STOLE B'TONGA ···OR HOW! NOW IT IS TIME, WE SET TO WORK!

THE CITY BANK AND TRUST COMPANY IS CLOSED FOR THE DAY, SO THERE WILL BE ONLY A FEW GUARDS TO RESIST US! COME, B'TONGA!

20 MINUTES LATER...

CITY BANK &

BULLETS DON'T STOP HIM AT ALL!

EEEEK

QUICK, B'TONGA ···PICK ME UP! INTO THE HILLS! OUR FIRST EXPERIMENT IS A SUCCESS!

BACK WITH THE BLACK TERROR AND TIM...

I'M SORRY I CAN'T GIVE YOU ANY HELPFUL INFORMATION, TERROR! I...

LISTEN TO THAT FLASH, TERROR!

THE ESCAPED GORILLA, B'TONGA, HAS JUST BEEN SEEN IN HUDSON CITY, KENTUCKY! APPARENTLY UNDER THE GUIDANCE OF AN UNKNOWN MAN, HE BROKE INTO THE CITY BANK AND ESCAPED WITH TWENTY THOUSAND DOLLARS IN GOLD!

COME ON, TERROR! WE'LL HEAD SOUTH AND...

THAT WON'T DO US ANY GOOD, TIM! WE CAN'T COVER THE WHOLE SOUTHEAST! SO FAR, NONE OF THE HYPNOSIS EXPERTS HAVE BEEN ABLE TO HELP US BUT I HAVE ONE MORE PROSPECT! HE'S A REFUGEE FROM GERMANY, A PSYCHIATRIST

PERHAPS I CAN HELP YOU! THERE WAS ONCE IN GERMANY A FINE DOCTOR WHO BECAME VERY EXPERT IN CHEMICAL HYPNOSIS! HE HAD WILD DESIRES FOR POWER, AND HE TRAINED HIS SON TO CARRY ON HIS WORK! THEY CAME TO THIS COUNTRY TEN YEARS AGO, AND THE FATHER DIED! BUT THE SON STILL LIVES! HIS NAME IS OSCAR HOODIN!

SHORTLY AFTER...

THE MEDICAL AUTHORITIES TELL ME DR. OSCAR HOODIN HAS AN OFFICE IN THIS CITY AND A HOME IN THE KENTUCKY MOUNTAINS!

WOW! THAT'S OUR LEAD! IT TIES IN PERFECTLY! HOODIN DOPED THE GORILLA AND TOOK HIM TO KENTUCKY!

BUT JEAN HAS NOT BEEN IDLE...

HE WAS B'TONGA'S GUARD, AND I PERSUADED HIM TO LET HIMSELF BE HYPNOTIZED BY YOU, DOCTOR, FOR ONE REASON... TO HELP HIM REMEMBER WHAT HAPPENED THE NIGHT THE GORILLA WAS STOLEN!

SHH! HE'S BEGINNING TO TALK!

HE WORE GLASSES... CLOSE-CROPPED HAIR... BURNING EYES... HE TOLD ME TO FEED CERTAIN BANANAS TO B'TONGA... HE SAID HE WAS GOING TO HIDE IN KENTUCKY MOUNTAINS...

FLYING DOWN TO KENTUCKY...

WE'LL BE OVER FORT KNOX IN A MINUTE! THAT'S WHERE MOST OF THE GOVERNMENT'S GOLD IS KEPT, YOU KNOW!

THAT MEANS WE'RE NEAR OUR DESTINATION! BUT I HEARD THE PILOT SAY WE'RE HEADING INTO BAD WEATHER! I HOPE WE MAKE IT BEFORE THE STORM BREAKS!

SUDDENLY...

WOW! WHAT A CLOUDBURST!

WE'VE BEEN HIT BY LIGHTNING! WE'LL HAVE TO LAND!

CRASH!

EVERYBODY OKAY? FINE! WE'RE ONLY A LITTLE WAY FROM FORT KNOX! I'LL HEAD OVER THERE AND GET HELP!

I'LL GO WITH YOU!

AT FORT KNOX, CLOSELY GUARDED STOREHOUSE OF AMERICA'S GOLD, DR. HOODIN HAS STRUCK ONCE MORE, IN AN ALL-OR-NOTHING GAMBLE FOR RICHES AND POWER!

KEEP GOING, B'TONGA! IN A LITTLE WHILE, I'LL BE THE WEALTHIEST MAN IN THE WORLD!

BANG BANG!

RAT-TAT-TAT!

AS JEAN REACHES THE FORT...

IT'S B'TONGA!

WHAT THE...! LOOK OUT! WE'LL BE TRAMPLED!

ON A SPECIALLY ASSIGNED ARMY PLANE...

THERE'S FORT KNOX BELOW AND ...TERROR! LOOK! THERE'S B'TONGA ...AND JEAN!

HE'S GOING TO TRAMPLE HER! PILOT...QUICK ...DIVE!

DARING LEAP!

WHA···!

TERROR! TIM! THEY KNOCKED THE BEAST OFF BALANCE! QUICK···JUMP CLEAR!

BUT EVEN THE TERROR TWINS CANNOT OVERCOME THE MONSTROUS B'TONGA!

SEIZE THEM ALL, B'TONGA ···CARRY THEM ALONG! THE BLACK TERROR IS THE ONE OBSTACLE I HAVE FEARED!

WITH FORT KNOX LOOTED, B'TONGA IS ORDERED BACK TO DR. HOODIN'S MOUNTAIN REFUGE!

YOU HAVE MADE ME FABULOUSLY WEALTHY, B'TONGA! YOU SHALL GET EXTRA BANANAS FOR THAT! HA-HA-HA! BUT NOW··· BACK INTO YOUR CAGE··· BEFORE THE CHEMICAL HYPNOSIS WEARS OFF!

AND NOW I SHALL TAKE CARE OF YOU FOUR! MY HYPNOTIC CHEMICALS WILL SOON PUT YOU ALL UNDER MY POWER···AND THE GREAT BLACK TERROR SHALL BE MY SLAVE!

I DON'T YIELD SO EASILY, MADMAN!

The BLACK TERROR IS INJECTED FIRST!

I THINK I CAN FIGHT OFF THESE DRUGS··· BUT I'LL HAVE TO PRETEND TO YIELD AND SEE WHAT HAPPENS!

YOU'RE NEXT, MY FINE YOUNG FRIEND!

I... FEEL ...SLEEPY...

WITH THE TERROR'S FRIENDS DRUGGED...

I'LL LEAVE YOU FOUR TO PLEASANT DREAMS, WHILE I PLAN MY NEXT MOVE! THE BLACK TERROR SHOULD BE OF GREAT HELP TO ME!

AS SOON AS HE'S OUT OF THE ROOM..

TREMENDOUS SURGE OF POWER!

THERE! I'M FREE!

SNAP!

CHEMICALLY TREATED BANANAS FOR THE GORILLA! PERFECT!

THESE WILL BRING HIM UNDER MY CONTROL! I'LL CARRY MY FRIENDS OUT OF HERE, AND THEN HAVE HIM DESTROY THE WHOLE INFERNAL LABORATORY!

THIS IS THE ELECTRICAL CONTROL BUTTON FOR THE CAGE DOOR, I THINK!... IT WORKS!... NOW---***OUT, B'TONGA! I HAVE WORK FOR YOU!*** AND AFTER IT'S DONE, YOU'RE GOING BACK TO THE CITY PARK YOU CAME FROM!

BUT HOODIN RETURNS!

WHAT THE...! THE BLACK TERROR DIRECTING B'TONGA! *I'VE GOT TO STOP THEM!*

TERROR! TELL B'TONGA TO OBEY *MY* COMMANDS ...*OR I'LL KILL YOUR FRIENDS!*

YOU COWARDLY RAT! VERY WELL! ...B'TONGA, TAKE YOUR ORDERS FROM DR. HOODIN!

GOOD! I···

FOR A MOMENT, DR. HOODIN RELAXES HIS VIGILANCE, AND···

YOU MISSED ME, TALL, DARK AND UGLY! ... WE'RE GOING TO FINISH THIS THING OUTSIDE!

B'TONGA··· KILL HIM! KILL HIM!

BANG!

A MIGHTY LUNGE··· BUT THE BLACK TERROR IS TOO FAST!

HERE'S WHERE YOU MAKE LIKE LONDON BRIDGE ···FALLING DOWN!

I THINK I'LL BE NEEDING A BIT OF A SHILLALAH! OOF!

B'TONGA ATTACKS ONCE MORE···

CAN THE BLACK TERROR OVERCOME EVEN B'TONGA?... MAYBE... BUT HE FORGOT ABOUT ME!

ACID

A STEALTHY APPROACH, AND...

A SNEAK ATTACK, HEY?

AN ACID BATH FOR YOU, TERROR!

BUT WITH LIGHTNING SPEED, THE TERROR DUCKS!

EEEAAGGGHHH!

BLINDED AND BURNED, B'TONGA RUNS AMOK!

AGGHHH!

DR. HOODIN TRIES TO ESCAPE!

NOT SO FAST, MY MURDEROUS FRIEND! YOU HAVE A FEW CRIMES TO PAY FOR!

LATER...

...AND THE BLACK TERROR FOUGHT OFF THE HYPNOSIS AND OVERCAME THE GORILLA AND DR HOODIN... WHILE YOU WERE AFRAID TO DO ANYTHING!

BUT, JEAN.. I-I'M NOT A MAN OF ACTION, WHILE THE BLACK TERROR IS!

YOU CAN GO INTO ACTION ...AGAINST THE AXIS ... BY BUYING WAR BONDS AND STAMPS!

COUNTER BOY

By BOB STANWOOD

Dave Cooney and Officer Hannigan Were Both Ambitious—and Here's How They Got Their Big Chance!

DAVE COONEY was eager to learn the restaurant business. But he didn't think there was much distinction in the job of counter boy. He spent all day drawing coffee and tea, collecting dirty dishes, fixing up the menus on the tables and in the front window, and doing other little jobs that no one else wanted to do.

One day as he was sweeping the sidewalk in front of the restaurant, he told Officer Hannigan about his troubles.

"Don't worry," the policeman told him. "It's the beginning of a career. That is the way to look at it. It's like me. I don't want to be pounding a pavement all my life. I want to be a sergeant. And the day will come. Maybe I'll catch up with this Mugs Barclay gang, and they'll promote me for it!"

Officer Hannigan's words made Dave look at things differently. And he was whistling as he went back into the restaurant.

During the day Hannigan frequently looked into the restaurant, and waved to Cooney. This helped to make the counter boy feel that he really belonged.

Late that afternoon, the manager called Dave and said:

"Fix up the window for the evening rush. Put new flowers in the vases, wash up the tile, and change the advertising."

"Yes, sir," Dave replied. He gathered up the things he would need for his task and headed for the front of the building. He was just lifting the flowers out of the vases when several men came into the place. One of them moved over to Dave and said:

"Act smart, kid, this is a hold-up. Just go on doing things in that window like you were going to, and everything will be all right."

Dave looked back through the restaurant, saw several of the thugs holding up the cashier. Dave realized that he was helpless.

"Okay," he said. Dave put the fresh flowers in their places. Then he removed the cardboard sign announcing the 50¢ Luncheon, and put out the one that advertised the 75¢ Dinner. Next, he got his box of white celluloid letters and numbers and began spelling out the menu on a black felt board.

He saw his friend Officer Hannigan coming down the street. The hold-up man saw the policeman at almost the same time. He prodded Dave with his gun and said:

"Don't get any ideas, kid. Mugs Barclay don't like any funny work on his jobs. If that copper heads in here, he gets a bullet before he knows what hit him!"

Dave nodded, went on with his work carefully. Officer Hannigan slowed up a bit as he came to the restaurant, waved a greeting to Dave, and then strolled on.

The boy sighed. Now the crooks were heading for the front of the restaurant. The man who had been guarding Dave joined the others, and they pushed through the swinging door and headed for a car at the curb.

Suddenly the street erupted in a volley of gunfire. Bullets splattered all over the getaway car, and several of the thugs fell to the pavement. A number of policemen came running up. Officer Hannigan was leading them and he held a smoking gun in his hand. Mugs Barclay, still holding the restaurant money, threw up his hands.

"I give up," he told Hannigan. "But how did you get wise?"

"My little pal the counter boy," the policeman said. "Take a look at the menu."

On the menu board in the window was the sign:

TONIGHT'S DINNER SPECIAL!

HOLDUP!

HELP! HURRY!

Hannigan congratulated the boy.

"I don't think you'll be a counter boy after this," he told him.

"And you won't be pounding a pavement," Dave said. They were both proud and happy.

JIMMY COLE

BOY SLEUTH

A BRAVE BOY PATRIOT USES FLYING FISTS AND FAST THINKING---AND SMASHES AN EVIL PLOT TO SABOTAGE AMERICA!

TOM, I WANT YOU TO DRIVE JIMMY TO AND FROM SCHOOL, JUST TO MAKE SURE HE DOESN'T GET MIXED UP IN DETECTIVE WORK!

RIGHT, MR. COLE!

WELL, OLD-TIMER, I-- HEY, WHAT'S THIS?

JIMMY-MARKS! ON THE GARAGE DOORS!

HEY! SOMEBODY STOLE OUR TIRES!

I GUESS YOU'LL HAVE TO WALK TO SCHOOL TODAY, JIMMY!

BUY UNITED STATES WAR SAVINGS STAMPS AND BONDS!

I WONDER WHO··· SAY, WILL YOU LOOK AT THE SIZE OF THOSE FOOT-PRINTS!

ONE'S DEEPER THAN THE OTHER··· THE MAN WALKED WITH A LIMP!

I'VE GOT TO PRACTICE LACROSSE, BUT I WISH··· HEY!

AFTER SCHOOL THAT DAY···

THEY'RE SNEAKING UP ON THAT CAR! AND ONE OF THEM WALKS WITH A LIMP!

YOU'RE TIRE THIEVES! STOP!

WHAT THE··· A KID!

A DARING ONSET!

MAYBE·· BUT I'VE GOT GROWN-UP AMBITIONS!

LEMME OUTA HERE!

UG!

HOME WAS NEVER LIKE THIS!

I GOT A SLEEPING POWDER FOR THAT BRAT···

SMACK!

Save your fats, waste paper and old rubber for the war effort!

...AND HE'S GETTIN' IT IN SOLID FORM!

BOP!

OH!

LOOK AT THAT LUMP ON YOUR HEAD! I WANT YOU TO WATCH HIM, HORATIO-- *SOMEONE'S* GOT TO KEEP HIM OUT OF MISCHIEF!

AH SHO' WILL, MR. COLE!

LATER...

WE DONE CHASED TO EVERY STORE IN TOWN THAT MAKES SHOES TO ORDER!

THIS IS THE LAST ONE... WE'LL TRY IT!

CUSTO MADE SHOES

SIZE 15... IT MUST HAVE BEEN SPECIALLY MADE! *LET'S GO, HORATIO!*

DAT'S A POWERFUL BIG FOOT!

WHAR YOU GOIN'? YOUR DADDY SAID....

I ONLY WANT TO MEASURE SOME FOOTPRINTS!

YES I MADE SIZE FIFTEENS FOR A LAME MAN: HE LIVES AT 27 MANNON ROAD!

THANKS! THAT'S WHERE WE'RE HEADING!

DERE'S NUMBAH 27, BUT SHE'S A GARAGE!

LET'S HAVE A LOOK, ANYWAY!

GARAGE

27

Smash Hitler and Hirohito—Buy all the War Stamps you can!

THEY JUS' PETTY THIEVES! LET'S CALL THE COPS, MARSE JIMMY!

OUR TIRE SNATCHIN'S GOIN' SWELL, BRAINS!

AND OUR NATIONAL SYNDICATE IS PROSPERING! WE SHALL SOON CONTROL AMERICA'S TIRES AND··· WHAT'S THAT?

OOPS!

SOMEONE KICKED A CAN OUT THERE!

THAT DARNED KID··· UGH!

CARE FOR A MUD-PACK?

URGLE!

CHANGE YO' OIL, MISTUH?

HEY··· WHAT··

ELEVATOR GOING UP!

PLUG THOSE TWO!

ROLL OUT THE BARREL, HORATIO!

AN' WASTE NO TIME ABOUT IT!

THERE, I GUESS THAT GOT 'EM!

BANG!

BANG!

KEEP OLD GLORY FLYING—BUY WAR STAMPS AND BONDS!

THAT'S THE PLACE WHERE THE TIRE THIEVES ARE! THEY TRIED TO KILL US, BUT MISSED!

LOOKS LIKE AN ORDINARY GARAGE TO ME!

LATER....

A SEARCH REVEALS ... NOTHING!

YOU CAN SEE EVERYTHING HERE IS ON THE LEVEL, OFFICER!

BUT...

RUN ALONG, KID, AND DON'T BOTHER US ANY MORE WITH YOUR DAY-DREAMS!

THAT KID KNOWS TOO MUCH! HIS NAME'S JIMMY COLE... SNATCH HIM!

RIGHT, BRAINS!

AFTER THE POLICE LEAVE...

COME ALONG, PUNK!

SAY, YOU CAN'T...

TAKE THAT, BUTTINSKY!

WHOP!

Ruthless CRIMINALS STRIKE!

YASSUH, THEY SLUGGED ME AND KIDNAPPED MARSE JIMMY! BUT I SAW WHICH WAY THEY WENT!

WE'LL CALL THE COPS AND CHASE THEM!

AT THE THUGS' HIDEOUT...

AS SOON AS THE BRAINS GETS HERE, YOU'LL GET POLISHED OFF ... BUT GOOD!

FOR VICTORY—SAVE FATS, WASTE PAPER AND OLD RUBBER!

I'VE GOT TO THINK FAST! WAIT ... THAT ELECTRIC LIGHT!

IF I CUT OFF THIS SOCKET AND PULL THE WIRE DOWN...

...AND ATTACH IT TO THIS DOOR-KNOB... *WE OUGHT TO SEE SOME FUN!*

THE BRAINS IS HERE! *GET THAT KID!*

RIGHT! I'LL OPEN THIS DOOR AND...

WOW! I'M ELECTRI-FIED!

OUCH! TAKE YOUR HAND OFF THAT KNOB!

THAT'S MY CUE! *HERE I COME, READY OR NOT!*

SMASH!

G-GRAB THAT KID!

YOU CAN'T KEEP A GOOD MAN DOWN!

THAT DOOR'S LOCKED! *WE'VE GOT HIM!*

TIME FOR A DETOUR! BUT *QUICK!*

With THE THUGS IN HOT PURSUIT...

BE AN AMERICAN—BUY WAR STAMPS AND BONDS!

THANK GOOD-NESS THIS DOOR IS OPEN!

HE'S GOING INTO THE STORE-ROOM!

UP ANOTHER FLIGHT OF STAIRS...

ZOWIE! RUBBER FOR THE HEELS OF AMERICA!

THIS IS THE ONLY DOOR TO THE STOREROOM! WE'LL GO IN, LOCK IT, AND TRACK HIM DOWN!

HOLY SMOKES! THEY'RE *SERIOUS!*

THERE HE IS!

A BOY AT BAY!

OH-OH! *ROAD BLOCKED!*

WE'RE GETTIN' HIM, BRAINS!

WORK HIM INTO THAT CORNER BACK THERE!

IT'S TOO HIGH TO JUMP! I HEAR THE COPS... GOT TO TAKE ONE LAST CHANCE!

WOOOOOOO!

DON'T SPEND FOOLISHLY—SAVE YOUR MONEY FOR VICTORY!

AT THE BOTTOM OF THE HILL....

I FOLLOWED THEM THIS FAR, THEN LOST THEM!

LOOK!

THAT TIRE MUST COME FROM THE WAREHOUSE ON THE HILL!

I'LL BET THAT'S JIMMY! LET'S GO!

I'LL TAKE CARE OF HIM!

WHY DON'T YOU GUYS PICK ON SOMEONE YOUR OWN SIZE?

UF!

WHILE WITHIN.....

IN THE CRUCIAL MOMENT....RESCUE!

THIS'LL TEACH YOU TO BE NOSEY!

I--I'M SURE I'LL NEVER BE NOSEY AGAIN!

I'M NOSEY, TOO! DO YOU MIND?

AGH!

LEAPIN' LIZARDS! I'M SAVED!

UG!

THAT ONE'S GETTING AWAY!

BUT NOT FAR!

OW!

KLOK!

THE F.B.I. IS GRATEFUL TO YOU FOR UNCOVERING THAT TIRE-SNATCHING RING!

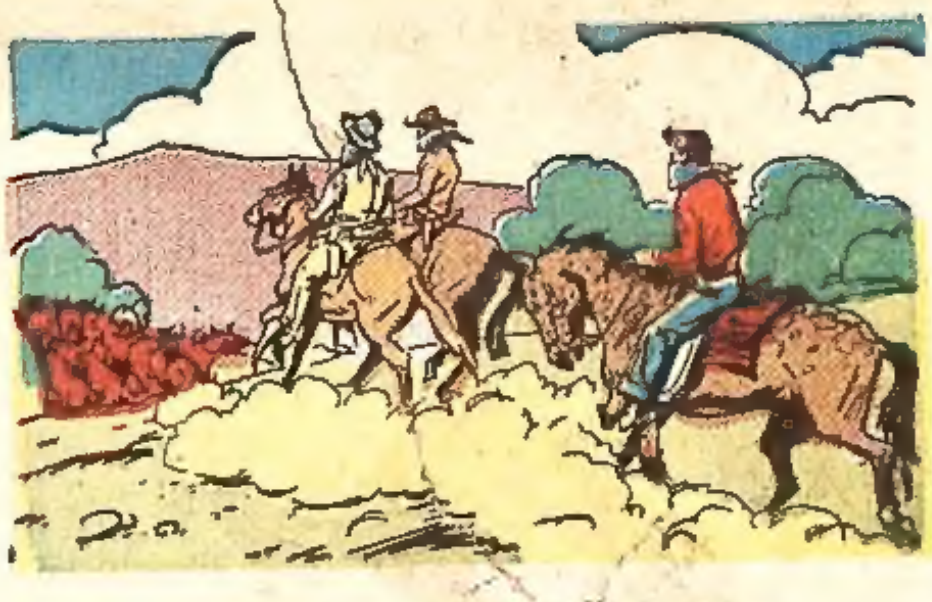
YESSIR, THAT'S MY BOY!

Watch for JIMMY COLE'S NEXT ADVENTURE!

When You Finish This Magazine, Send It to a Service Man!

TRAIL DRIVE SAVVY

By DREW COLEMAN



Young Danny Lang of the Wagon Wheel Ranch Thinks Fast When Trouble Rides!

DANNY LANG was proud, for it was the first time that his father had let the fourteen-year-old boy be a member of the trail herd outfit. Now Danny was riding drag behind the cattle as they were being driven to the railroad town twenty miles away.

"Cover yore nose and mouth with yore neckerchief, Danny," said Buck Rand, the trail boss, as he rode along with the boy. "That will keep you from gettin' too much dust in yore face."

"All right, Buck," said Danny, "I forgot."

"You don't usually forget," said Rand. "Me and the boys all remember the presents you had for every one of us last Christmas."

"It wasn't much in the way of presents," said Danny. "I just gave each of the boys a blue bandanna handkerchief."

"I know," said the trail boss. "I'm wearing mine now and so are all the rest of the trail crew."

The boy whose father owned the Wagon Wheel outfit fastened his own neckerchief across his face.

"Ride ahead and tell Cookie that we'll camp for the night the other side of the pass, Danny," ordered Rand. "He likes to know when we're gonna stop ahead of time."

"All right, Buck," said Danny. "I'll tell him."

He gigged his horse and rode ahead to the chuck-wagon that the old cook was driving. Beside this came the extra horses of the remuda—for the waddies working with the herd often needed fresh mounts during the day.

Soon after the herd entered the pass Danny glanced back and saw that the cattle and the trail drivers were hidden in the thick cloud of dust. The chuck wagon was moving along slowly half a mile ahead of the herd.

"Rand sent me here to tell you we'd bed down for the night the other side of the pass," Danny told the cook as he rode along beside the chuck wagon. "He figgered you would want to know."

"Thanks, Danny," said the old cook. "I been worrying. Heard there was rustlers in this part of the country. They stole a herd from the Flying M outfit about a week ago."

"We haven't run into any trouble yet," said Danny.

He waved his hand to the cook as he headed back to the herd. He reached it and glanced at the two men who were riding point. He saw that neither of them was Buck Rand. It had taken him some time to ride ahead and deliver the message to the cook and return. The herd had passed through the canyon and was moving on into open country beyond the gulch.

"Got to get a fresh hoss," Danny called to the nearest man. He turned his mount and rode back toward the remuda.

The herd went on. Danny slowed his horse as he reached the pass. He discovered what he was looking for. It was the mouth of a big cave in one wall of the gulch. He rode to the cave—and found five members of the trail herd crew there.

They had been bound and gagged. Danny quickly released them.

"The rustlers got us," said Rand, who was one of the men. "Forced us in here at the point of their guns and then took over the herd—after tying us up. So shore of themselves they didn't bother to take our guns!"

"I know," said Danny. "That's why I came looking for you."

The men of the Wagon Wheel outfit got their guns—found a way to circle around ahead of the rustlers and capture all of the outlaws.

"But how did you know it wasn't the regular trail crew, Danny?" asked Buck Rand after it was all over. "I don't understand that."

"The two men riding drag were wearing bandannas across their faces just like we've been doin'," said Danny. "But one was red and the other yellow. I knew all our men were wearing the blue neckerchiefs I gave them!"

"Nice work, Danny," said the trail boss. "You shore thought fast."

VOLTO

HE COMES FROM MARS POSSESSING STRANGE, MAGNETIC POWERS!

WHEE! ISN'T THIS FUN, VOLTO?

WELL, I THOUGHT SO UP TILL NOW... LOOK!

IT'S HEADED STRAIGHT FOR US, VOLTO!

WHAT A WAY TO RUN A ROLLER COASTER! I BETTER GET BUSY!

WATCH! WHEN I SAY, 'VOLTO' MY LEFT ARM REPELS!

BUT LOOK! THAT WOMAN'S FALLING!

VOLTO

SCREECH

WELL, HERE I GO AGAIN! SEE, WHEN I SAY 'VOLTO' MY RIGHT ARM ATTRACTS! COME HERE, LADY!

ASTOUNDING

VOLTO

I'LL PAY $100 FOR THAT TRICK, MISTER!

IT'S NO TRICK FOR VOLTO! HE'S FROM MARS WHERE EVERYBODY GETS THAT MAGNETISM FROM EATING WHOLE-GRAIN CEREALS!

AND I MUST HAVE SOME RIGHT NOW TO RECHARGE MY POWER!

THEN, LET ME REPAY YOU WITH THE TASTIEST WHOLE-GRAIN CEREAL IN THIS WORLD... GRAPE-NUTS FLAKES!

ME TOO! HUH?

MAYBE **GRAPE-NUTS FLAKES** WON'T GIVE YOU VOLTO'S POWERS... BUT IT'LL HELP GIVE YOU A POWERHOUSE OF ENERGY IN THE MORNING! GET THEM TODAY! YOU'LL SAY GRAPE-NUTS FLAKES TASTE SWELL!

Grape-Nuts Flakes

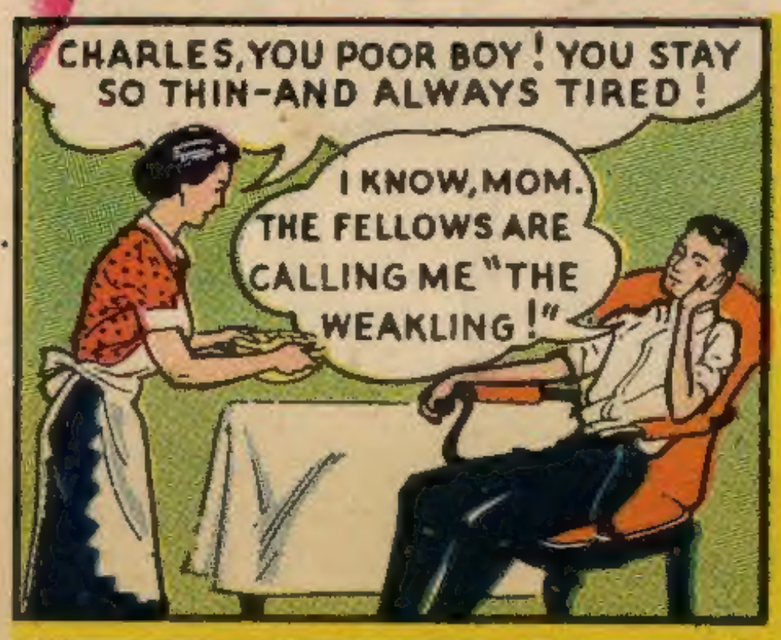
COPR. 1941 GENERAL FOODS CORP.

TUNE IN *HOP HARRIGAN* BLUE NETWORK MON. THRU FRI.

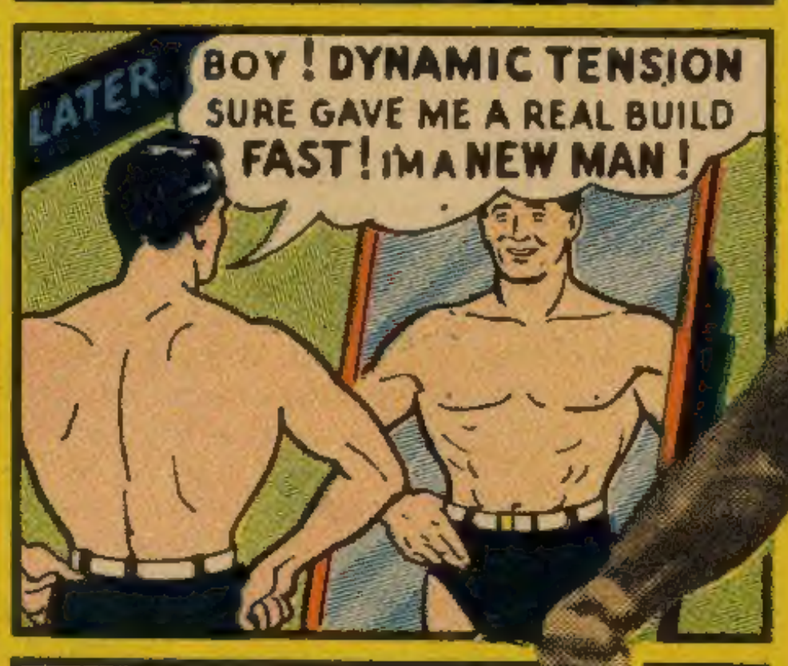
HOW A 97-Lb. WEAKLING

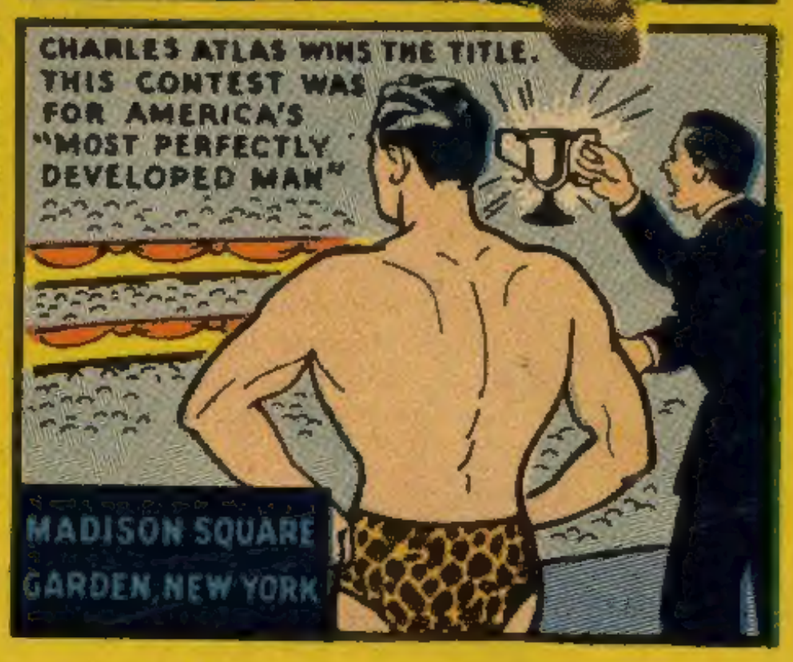
Became the "WORLD'S MOST PERFECTLY DEVELOPED MAN"

The inspiring story of CHARLES ATLAS



SO CHARLES ATLAS SPENT MONTH AFTER MONTH SEARCHING FOR A WAY TO DEVELOP HIS BODY. AND FINALLY HE DISCOVERED HIS AMAZING METHOD-- DYNAMIC TENSION!




CHARLES ATLAS WINS THE TITLE. THIS CONTEST WAS FOR AMERICA'S "MOST PERFECTLY DEVELOPED MAN"
MADISON SQUARE GARDEN, NEW YORK

—actual photo of the man who holds the title "The World's Most Perfectly Developed Man."

I Can Make You A New Man, Too, In Only 15 Minutes A Day!

If you're the way I USED to be—if you are skinny and feel only half-alive—if the better jobs pass you by—if you're in the service, but are being "pushed around"—if you're ashamed to strip for sports or a swim—and if you want a HE-MAN's body—then give me just 15 minutes a day! I'll PROVE you can have a build you'll be PROUD of! "*Dynamic Tension*" will do it for *you*, too! *That's* how I changed my own build into such perfect proportions that famous sculptors and artists have paid me to pose for them. My body won me the title, "World's Most Perfectly Developed Man." And now I can give you solid, beautiful, USEFUL muscle wherever YOU want it!

"DYNAMIC TENSION" Does It!

In only 15 minutes a day, "*Dynamic Tension*" can bulge up your chest, broaden your back, fill out your arms and legs. Before you know it, this easy, NATURAL method will make you a New Man! In fact, I GUARANTEE you'll start seeing results in the first 7 days!

I give you no gadgets or contraptions to fool with. You simply utilize the UNDEVELOPED muscle-power in your own God-given body—almost unconsciously every minute of the day—walking, bending over, etc.—to BUILD MUSCLE and VITALITY. And it's so easy; my secret, "*Dynamic Tension*," does the trick!

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